## FATHER DUNCAN'S COLONY.

AN ATTEMPT IN CONGRESS TO GRAB METLAKAHTLA ISLAND.

The Interesting Community on the Coast of ka Threatened by Gold Hunters-Transmation Effected by a Good Man in Tribe of myage Indian Cannibals.

WASHINGTON, March 5,—Secretary Biles is ery much interested in the defeat of a bill very much interested in the defeat now pending before Congress, which, if passed, would mean the practical destruction of that interesting colony on Metlakahtla Island, off the poset of Alaska. As an evidence of his interest in the matter, Mr. Bliss has already made several reports condemning the bill, and he is now ing a statement for Congress showing the history of the Indians on the island and their claim to the protection of the Interior Department and of Congress.

cause of the discovery of gold-bearing ledges on the island certain men who are not rilling to brave the dangers of the pursuit of cold in the interior propose to take from the colony of Indians the greater part of the island, wilderness into a respectable, law-abiding and self-sustaining colony, and relegate them to a te portion of the island where they will find it abrolutely impossible to exist. In the head of the colony, this would mean the utter destruction of all the good work done in the last thirty years and stamp out the civilization which has taken root in this wild region. As on as Secretary Bliss heard of the designs sgainst the colony he wrote to Mr. William Duncan, who is better known to the world of philanthrophy as "Father" Duncan, the title baving been bestowed on him by the Indians, who have been his children. Mr. Duncan reseived the news with the greatest sorrow and agitation. He could not describe the consteration into which the colony was thrown by the receipt of this unexpected blow. He nade every effort to take the first steamer down the coast in the hope that he could arrive at Washington in time to avert the catastrophe, but found that his people could not spare him once, so he sent a letter, a touching appeal for time, and this letter Mr. Bliss has for In it Father Duncan says that as soon as the

letter was received from Mr. Bliss he called a full meeting of the inhabitants of the town. They had been anxious for two years, thinking that something might be attempted that would nterfere with their happiness on account of the presence of the gold-bearing rock on their island. It was unanimously agreed that writing could not adequately express their feelings or reveal the true situation, but that Father Duncan should go at once to Washington. He hoped to do so by the first boat, but could not get away. Then he gave an outline of the history of the colony. He said that the Tremshean community found the Island in 1887 without an inhabitant. The 800 emigrants decided to settle there and did so. They swore allegiance to the United States and took out the proper papers at Sitka, giving them pos session of the island. Everything went well until two years ago, when they found that white men were prospecting on the island. It was reorted that they had found no gold. Father Duncan then went on to say that Congress in 1891 reserved the island for the exclusive use of the community until such time as it should take other action. The colonists regarded this as an absolute gift as long as the colony should

take other action. The colonists regarded this as an absolute gift as long as the colony should obey the laws of the country.

The people erected a town which calls forth expressions of admiration and wonder from all who see it. The people are law-abiding, industrious, self-supporting, and progressive. No intoxicants have over been sold on the island and there has never been a crininal there. They have schools, a town hall, and the largest church and congregation in Alaska. If the bill becomes a law the youth of both sexes would be exposed to the license and lawlessness of a mining camp and the only method of preserving them would be removal. Father Duncan urged the further isolation and protection of the natives from the vicious whites. The bill pending in Congress would injure them morally and materially, he said, taking away their water power, on which depend their sawmill and salmon cannery, and their supply of drinking water for themselves and ships. It would robthem of their salmon.one of the chief sources of their support. It would reduce their timber supply, and would render the island comparatively worthless as a home. Mr. Duncan said he did not believe there was enough gold on the island to pay for working it, but if there was gold the islanders needed it and should have it.

The history of Metlakahtla and the Trem-

ave it. The history of Metlakahtla and the Trem The history of Metlakahtla and the Tremshean community is one of the romances of the aincidenth century. It is practically the history of one brave man who has devoted his life to caring for and civilizing a wiid tribe of Indians. One colony was founded in British Columbia; it proved successful and everything was proceeding satisfactorily until the injustice of the Government drave them forth. They abandoned their town and their farms and emigrated to the United States. They took possession of their island, realed their houses and tilled their terms in peace and security. Now they call on this Government not to repeat the injustice of the British Government.

emigrated to the United States. They took possession of their island, realed their houses and tiled their larms in peace and security. Now they call on this Government not to repeat the injustice of the British Government, but to allow them to lead their peaceful existence in that-out-of-the way con. er of the globe.

The colony is not a religious enterprise, although founded under religious suspices. It is a colony based on communistic and socialistic lines and bound togetner by religious ties. It might be said that the creed of these Indians is the Goden Rule, to which they have always lived up. Mr. Duncan was employed in a commercial house in London in 1857 when Capt. Prevost returned from a cruise along the coast of Alaska and brought information of the existence of a particularly barbarous tribs of Indians in British Columbia. Mr. Duncan resolved to go to them as a missionary. He found them degraded, cannibula, fiend worshippers, superstitious and practicing revolting ceremonies. Taking his life in his hand he went among them, learning their language from an interpreter and studying their characteristics night and day. One false step meant his instant doath and obliteration. His chief enouly was the medicine man, who one time wont to kill him, but was cowed by his faithful auptorier, the interpreter. Mr. Duncan taught thim the principles of Christianity: not the ocals, but the groundwork, simplified so as to be understood by them. He found them willings to listen and to learn. They were intelligent and progressive. He nursed them in sickness, taught them and their children; proached to them and in every way acted as their friend and they could no longer dispose of their liquor and they could no longer dispose of their liquor and they could no longer dispose of their liquor and they could no longer dispose of their liquor and they could no longer dispose of their liquor and they could no longer dispose of their liquor and they could no longer dispose of their liquor and they could not accomment at enormous

1. To give up their "Ablied," or Indian deviltry.
2. To cease calling in Shamans, or medicine members devi To cease cambing,
n sick.
To cease gambing,
To cease giving away their property for display.
To cease indulging in intoxicating drinks.
To cease indulging their faces.
To rest on the Sabriath,
To attend religious instruction.
To sate their shideen to school.
To be cleanly.

9. To send their mineral to school.
10. To be cleanly.
11. To be industrions.
12. To be peaceful.
13. To be liberal and honest in trade.
14. To build near houses.
16. To pay the village tax.

13. To be liberal and honest in trade.

14. To build near houses.

15. To pay the village tax.

To these articles some fifty men, women, and children subscribed, and, making a rait of the boards from the schoolhouse, they set out the boards from the schoolhouse, they are called there, bearing 300 recruits, including several chiefs. To take the place of the national pastime, gambling, Mr. Duncan introduced athers the sports. To develop their industry he taught there may be the common, but he would permit none of it in his colony. At one time he was forced to setze, confiscate, and burn the vessel of a liquor trader who sought to impose his wares on the community. Simalipox ravaced the coast, but only five of the original colony were lost, as Mr. Duncan insisted on vaccinating them all. Then the litudion Bay Company refused him supplies, and he was compelled to market his goods. He secured subscriptions from the litudion scach contributing what he could, and thus obtained a vessel, owned and operated by the colony. A village store, a co-operative stock company, and a sayings bank were established. A lown government was formed, the Indians electing the officers, but Mr. Duncan retaining supervision and control. A new town was built, every one taking particular pride in his own house, both in the erection and in the maintenance of it. As an example of the work which Mr. Duncan did the case of Chief Legaic is cited. Legaic was the chief of the work which Mr. Duncan did the case of Chief Legaic is cited. Legaic was the chief of all the chiefs of the Trensheans. Mr. Duncan's first introduction to him was when he saw him leading a cannible legaic tearing and eating the flesh of a recently slain woman.

Legale fought Mr. Dunean with all the strength and flerceness he possessed. He even attempted to have him nurdered. But as the years went by he became more friendly and finally ended by sacrificing his cisnity and pride, becoming enverted and Joining the colony, where the wild cheftain became a carpenter and a cabinet maker, securing an excellent reputation for peacefulness and industry. His conversion was considered similar to that of St. Paul and he took his name from that saint, being known as Mr. Paul Legale.

So far did the fame of the colony and its founder spread that from all portions of the country delegations of indians came to see for themselves the wonders he had wrought. At one time 500 chileats came to pay a visit and returned with the resolution to adopt the ways of the white man. Explorers, scientists, statesmen from all over the world visited the colony and returned to the old of what they had seen. In 1878 Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, and his wife visited the colony and praised the work which Mr. Dunean had done.

But in 1881 the colony was attacked, disorganized and disrupted on account of religious differences. The indians could understand the simple Christianity taught them by Mr. Duncan, but they could not understand the Church of England. The trouble came about because Mr. Duncan refused to take orders and introduce the form of worship of the Established Church. After some months of investigation and correspondence the Bishop, who had taken up his residence at Metlakahita, abruptly dismissed him from the service of the missionary society which originally enabled him to go to British Columbia, and then endeavored to force upon the Indians the Church of England.

The history of the attempt of the Bishop and the agents of the society to oust Mr. Duncan, their friend and guide for twenty-five years, had been attacked, and they rallied to his support. During the succeeding six years the society seem and farms, their and undertook to enforce the law that two acres only should be a

THE NEW MARKSMAN'S BADGE. It Is for Small Arms Practice, and Displace the Whitlook Chicken.

The National Guard of the State is no longer in the poultry business. Perhaps few persons knew that it was in that business, but it has been for just about four years. It was in Janumonth the Whitlock chicken was bestowed on marksmen for the first time, doing away with the old "fire escape" marksman's badge; and now comes a heavy Maltese cross badge for 'small arms practice," just shooing away the Whitlock enickens, and sending them kiting.

When the Guard took up rifle practice, the lecoration-for so it was called, though it wasn't much more decorative than a policeman's badge



consisted of a gilt bar with a year-date on it and a gilt medal hung below it. Every time man qualified be got an additional bar; when he'd qualified twenty times his decoration had lost any resthetis character it might have had, and looked uncommonly like the ladder that hangs against the side of a ship at anchor down the bay. Hence it was called a fire escape It was Gen. Whitlock, General Inspector of Rifle Practice from 1973 to 1897, who hatched the original Whitlock chicken. The "chicken" showed an eagle—the chicken—squawking on top of a "H" target, which grew out of a land-scape consisting of the State coat of arms, surrounded by a laurel wreath. This trophy was hung from a bar marked "marksmen," which carried a movable number denoting the times that the wearer had qualified. If he qualified as a sharpshooter, he had two bars; if as an expert, he had three bars. And he couldn't have more than three however well he might shoot. Or however many years he might shoot.

The Twenty-second Regiment was the first to get the chickens, in January, 1894, and now it is the first to get the new decoration is of the same length, bar for bar, as the chicken, but it is handsomer. An important change may be noticed on the face of the medal: The decoration is issued for proficiency in "small arms practice," list as in the army. Another new point is that the rifle department has adopted the Seventh Regiment's plan of counting its qualified members. In that regiment say 1,000 men qualified as marksmen, 500 as sharnshooters, and 200 as experts. Capt. Palmer, the regimental inspector of rifle practice, announced that the regiment had qualified 1,700 men. But the State and the other regiments didn't do that way; if a marksman qualified as a sharpshooter his first qualification didn't count. Now the State has decided to follow the Seventh's plan and give a man credit for everything he does.

The badge shown here does not mean that the distinguished officer of the Twenty-second legine in the twenty-one years as a sharpshooter, and during three of the announced than an announced the nine and twenty-one years as a marksman; that he has qualified during nine of those twenty-one years as a sharpshooter, and during three of the announced that an announced that an announced the nine and twenty-one years as an expert.

Tangs move so rapidly in some parts of the Gund that a man doesn't have to s It was Gen. Whitlock, General Inspector of Rifle Practice from 1893 to 1897, who hatched

## Sparrows Riddle a Polecat.

"You have ofton heard of the ferocity of birds, no doubt," said William Anderson, a bardy old woodsman, who lives on the lower Ohio, "but I doubt if you ever beard of birds attacking and killing an animal that one would imagine could whip three or four flerce curs. While hunting down in the flats near the mouth of Green River, several years ago, I saw a large and flerce skunk beat an ignominious retreat after trying in vain to best several English sparrows, and later, when the skunk had screwed his courage up to the sticking point again, I saw those same insignificant looking little birds tear the animal to shreds. When my attention was first attracted the sparrows were flying from one side of the thicket to the other, twittering like mad. When I went to learn the cause the skunk, hadly frightened, was doging from one side to the other of a log, trying to exemp the savare attacks of the feathered tribe. The birds sidn't mind me, but kept dashing their little bills into the skunk's well-punctured hide. When the skunk started across an open space to the cover of hearty driftwood his tormentors pounced upon him and riddled the poor cat's hide." From the Louisville Post.

MRS. AMES AND THE LIONS.

ALSO THREE LITTLE PIGS, A BART AND THE OWNER OF THE PIGS.

Story of an Stretting Evening for the Young Wife of a Westernan Who Was Temperarily Absent-Successive Surprises.

From the Youth's Companion. There had been for days a great fire in the forest up toward Onion Peak, and a strong wind was driving it so far toward the settlement on the Upper Nehalom that some of the people watched it with fear. But to Jered Ames it was bringing a small harvest of silver, for he was a guide as well as a freighter on the river, and fire on the Oregon heights meant game or the lower, accessible levels. Jered had taken two parties of hunters up the river already. Today be was away with the third, and on his return he must deliver three pigs sent to him for a settler named Keegan.

Usually Jered's young wife did not fret at being left alone with the year-old baby, but now the heat and smoke oppressed her imagination, and made her think of the end of the world, and set her wishing for some neighbor to talk with. The baby, too, was ill at ease in the sultry, smoke-scented air, and cried fretfully as she smoke-scented air, and cried freitully as she tried to rock it to sleep after her early supper. From her seat, which was under a pine behind the cabin, the little woman could see a long stretch of the path on which her husband must return from his boat, but she could not see his boathouse nor the river. It was possible that he might come home that evening, and her heart was sore with longing to see his tail form striding toward ner. It was possible, too, that somebody, some messenger or hunter, might come up the path to engage him as guide or freighter, and she watched the path lest some stranger should take her by surprise.

While she rocked the little one and sang to it letting it lie unhunged on her lap that it might be the cooler, its crying ceased, and it seemed about to, sleep with its face turned from her. But suddenly it shricked as if from some instinctive alarm, and turned to her, clutching with its feeble little hands and burying its face in her lap. The mother, wondering what had afrighted the child, stared down the path, and there saw a moving thing which instantly disappeared.

"A dog," she thought. "Somebody's dog—

with its feeble little hands and burying its face in her lap. The mother, wondering what had affrighted the child, stared down the path, and there saw a moving thing which instantly disappeared. "A dog." she thought. "Somebody's dog." to store it coming for Jered. Whoever it is will have to stoy affort. For it's too late now to go back to the eletion." I must hurry in the man will want suppear." I must hurry in the man will want suppear." I must hurry in the clutched the baby and at her grasp it screamed as if in the wildest terror—a note which made her again wonder w at alled it. Into the kitchen she ran, put the kettle again on the stove and thrust in some kindling. Then she went into her bedroom, just off the kitchen, and tried to brush her hair and "tidy" herself with one hand while she held the crying baby with the other.

It struck her, after a little while, that she ought to have heard the footstep or voice or knock of the stranger, and she turned from her tiny looking glass toward the door of the bedroom, beyond which was the open door of the kitchen. There stood a full-grown cougar, or mountain lion!

She recognized the beast at the first glance, although she had never seen one before, and in that one dazed glance she wondered if all wild beasts were so gaunt and rusty looking.

In the next instant the wild shrisk of her baby roused her to action and she threw her shoulder against the door just as the rusty, taway, long body crouched. The latch snapped down; then the door shook as if from one blow of a heavy, wadded mallet, and the thin partition of unright boards rattled and creaked. The little woman stood in mortal terror and the baby, which had instanctively ceased to cry, pressed its head to her bosom and clutched with trembling hands.

Fo an instant the partition seemed likely the partition of the partition of unright boards rattled and creaked. The little womas atood in mortal terror and the halve partition, in an instant she was an analys and then there was a greek and the partition. In an insta

and taunt him.

Mrs. Ames had one feed on the chair when a fearful scream came from the cougar in the front room, which was instantly answered by just such another from a spot not ten feet behind her. She turned her head. Well inside the open back door crouched a second cougar, not so large as the first, but rather more evillooking. This was the female. She had stolen fearfully in to look for her mate. She was a cougar suspecting a trap.

Mrs. Ames stared one second at the creature, then, desperately enfolding her baby as if to hide it, she steepped forward, uttering terified and terrifying screams, and seized in her free hand the kettle of boiling water that had just begun to hiss over the fresh kindling. Whether the screams or the threat of the kettle, or the forward motion of Mrs. Ames scared the female cougar to flight, no one can be sure, but the creature turned tail and dashed out of the kitchen door.

Then the little woman shut that does and Ames had one for on the chair when

begun to hiss over the fresh kindling. Whether the screams or the threat of the kettle, or the forward motion of Mrs. Ames scared the female cougar to flight, no one can be sure, but the creature turned tail and dashed out of the kirchen door.

Then the little woman shut that door and bolted it and hugged her baby and kissed it and began to laugh hysterically. Frightened as she was, she had a certain sense that it was all very funny, and that cougars were as easy to deal with as cats or hens. Her anxiety for the baby's life had quite gone—she felt that she could defeat a cougar with her broomstick, not to mention her formitable kettle of hot water.

But Mrs. Ames was not out of her troubles yet. She heard a great clawlag in the front room, then silence, and she suspected the truth. Itising on the chair and looking through the knothole, she saw no cougar—he had climbed on the chair and looking through the knothole, she saw no cougar—he had climbed on the chair of the cougar's leap from the top of the chimney to the big shingles of the roof.

There were two of them outside now and she dared not open the door of the kitchen or any outer door. The sun was nearly down. She suspected the beasts would be courageous after dark. What were they doing! Suddenly she saw both of them peering down at her and the baby through a small, uncurriained window which was between the roof of the shed and the caves of the house.

Staring at her—both of them crouching on the roof—not fifteen feet away from the baby! No wonder the nerves of both little Mrs. Ames gave way again and she,sank down on a kitchen chair almost in a faint.

Still she was conscious of those hungry, staring eyes; and she could not move—she could harely keep the baby from falling out of her arms! They stared so deliberately, so gloatingly, that it seemed that the noxt moment her. Now one of them had heard pigs and on the instant both vanished.

Among the last freight sent up to Jered Ames with directions to deliver it to a settler named Keegan, up the Nehalem Rive

man. Keegan had dimit seen them by the little light through the hole they had made in the gable.

"Did Jered take his gun up river with him?" asked Keegan.

"No. Well, now, to think I never thought of the gun!" cried Mrs. Ames.

"I guess I'll just borrow it a minute," said Keegan. "Are there any cartridges! Good! Now, if you're got the sunnk to hold a light for me, we'll fetch those cougars." He explained his plan. Mrs. Ames put the baby down on the floor is her bedroom and came out and shut the door, and, trembling with excitement and fear and cagerness, bravely helped Keegan.

She tied a bunch of paper loosely about a broom handle and sprinkled kerosens over the torch. She stoed on a barrel and held this light up to the opening the cougars had made in the shed. They did not dare to spring at the fire. In fact, they had not five seconds to decide on any proceeding, for Keegan, nutting the muzzle of the double harrelled gun through a chink in the wall of the shed, shot both neatly, from a distance of six feet. The charges of shot passed solidly, like great bullets, through the lank bodies.

And then Mrs. Ames surprised and alarmed the settler as never congars could. She went into hysteries, and was still wildly laughing and crying at once, when her husband came up the bath, and held her in his strong arms, and soothed the brave little mother to quiet while the tired baby went contentedly to sleep.

TRADE ON THE WEST AFRICAN COAST

hears-Not So Profitable Now. The methods of trading on the west coast of Africa have changed very little in the last fifty years. There is much improvement in commu ilcation with civilized countries, but the natives themselves are the same old "heathens who in their blindness bow down to wood and stone."

The climate has a great deal to do with this, and the always hot and malarious country makes great activity impossible. It is only when we read of possible international complications, caused by the traders of one European country encroaching upon the ceded rights of another, that we find that the trade is worth fighting for. This is notably the fact, just now on the Upper Niger, where the French traders and the Köglish representatives of the chartered Royal Niger Company have differences to settle. The French traders used formerly to confine their attention to their own settlements in Senegal and the settlements in Senegal and the settlements of the Gambria River, by the settlements in Senegal and the settlements of the Gambria River, by the settlement of the Gambria River, by the settlements of the Gambria River, by the settlement of the settl

CHURCH BUILDING IN "ARKANSAW." the Immanuel Emancipated Baptist Church of Zion Managed It.

Church of Zion Managed It.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For months the deacons and elders of the "Immanuei Emancipated Baptist Church of Zion, Poinsett county, Arkansaw" had been planning their new edilice. It was all the religious portion of the colored population talked about. Begging went on right and left. Every young buck who made a winning with the "bones" felt obliged to contribute "foh luck." The sombre-visaged chief elder asked no questions. The brown-faced belles made their offerings, too. Everything of negotiable value was cheerfully taken-pennies, ducbills, county scrip, commissary "punch-outs," shotes, sauerkraut, and cast-off clothing. The elders were supposed to know how to reduce all the gifts to the cash basis by barter and exchange. Labor enough was pledged to build a mile of levee, the chance of impressing it when needed being taken strictly on faith. Across the color line cash or its immediate equivalent was alone expected, that is, money or building material. A curious loi of personalty accumulated on the church slie. Variety, rather than quantity, characterized these donations. Ten railing the complete of the massishing backwater, a dozen pleece of iron pine, all different sizes and lengths, from a burned cotton gin; afew hundred brickbats that had supported the gin boiler, one small wagon-load of rotten limestone from an old railroad culvert, a bundle of ragged and rusty cotton ties—thus the schedule ran. The deacons and elders watched the growth of the pile with honest pride. The accumulation of fairly available building lumber proceeded more slowly, but it was characterized by great variety, too. There were two oak and two gum sills, a little oak and more yellow pine and cypress flooring material, three doors and seven windows, already glazed, all of different eizes, and all second-hand; oak and cypress shingles in equal quantities for about half the roof, and corrugated iron from an old millshed for the rest. And so it went.

The nearest sawmill firm was levied on heavily for d From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat,

"White folks, we has come to buy de lumbah foh outh house of worship."
"All right, elder, how much do you want? The mill isn't running this afternoon because so many of the men had to help dig the church foundation, but we can start in Monday early and cut 'er right through," and visions of, a week's prolitable run filtted through the mill nan's mind. He added: "Have you the bill of dimensions made out!"
"No, sah; but we is got the money," this very proudly. "We thought you would figger up de pieces toh us."

man smind. He added: "Have you the bill of dimensions made out?"

"No, sah; but we is got the money." this very proudly. "We thought you would figger up de pieces foh us."

"Well, I ain't a carpenter, but maybe I can fix you. How much do you wish to pay?"

Then began an exploration of patched and ragged appared on the part of the whole delegation. The mill man thought he was going to get a hundred at least from each delegate. His eyes began to bulge—mild avarice illuminated his entire visage. Up came the first brown and borny fist. It clutched three quarters and eight nickels. Back it went, and this time dug deep. The net result was another nickel and seventeen coppers. The mill man looked less avaricious now. The remainder of the delegation had meanwhile been conducting searches on their own account. In about half an hour the mobilized fund lay before the sawyer. "Count hit, boss," and his every move was closely scanned until the task was finished. Very soon the sawyer looked up, contempt in every line of his face.

"And you want to get lumber enough for the church with this!"

"Well, white folks, we kinder on spected it would fin on nails, too. You keeps 'em in yoh commissary stoh."

The mill man was from the North, and he swore. That pile contained one single paper dollar, six silver dollars, two labor orders for 50 cents cach, and the remainder in halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, and pennies—\$14.45 all told. Neither of its late custodians would have turned it over to his fellow committeeman for any reason.

ZHINESEN PERENGEN PER Shylock Should Have Known of OHANN HOFF MALT EXTRACT IT MAKES FLESH AND BLOOD SARAH BERNHARDT Says: "I appreciate the good results obtained by the use of JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT." 

FIGHT OF THE MONITOR.

NEW LIGHT ON THE FAMOUS EN. GAGEMENT IN HAMPTON ROADS.

Injor James C. Long of Tiskilwa, Ill., Who Fought on the Merrimac, Says There Are Some Misapprehensions About the Fight-It Was Not Meledramatic and "Was a Draw.

From the Chicago Record.
Tiskilwa, Ill., Feb. 27.—On the morning of March 9, 1862, hearts of the nation, North and South, stood still while the Monitor fought the Merrimac to a draw in Hampton Roads. Of either crew there are few survivors. The death of Admiral Worden recently removed the last officer, and the last man but one of the Monitor while of the 370 men on the Merrimac that day, not more than a corporal's guard are living now One of these men is Major James C. Long of Tiskilwa. He is only 52 years old, and so was only 16 when he went through this historic battle that revolutionized the naval architecture of the world. But his recollection of the eventful day is very clear and distinct.

Major Long was born at Chattanooga, Tenn. From her doorway his mother was able to see by day and night most of the famous battle of Lookout Mountain. At an early age he entered Annapolis Naval Academy and upon the outbreak of the war he followed the lead of the officers who sided with the South and was placed in a midshipman's berth. In this capacity he served on the Merrimac. A large proportion of the officers at Annapolis refused to fight the old flag, though some of them were men of Southern birth; but most of the Southerners there es-

The Merrimac was the old United States frigate of that name rebuilt. She was remodelled so that she was really only a floating battery, declares Major Long. She was armored to the water line, but not below it. She drew twenty-three feet of water, but she had such a load on her upper works in the armor that she carried that she was topheavy and could never have lived in a rough sea. She was a steam vessel, of course, but inclined to be unwieldy and slow and awkward in the healther.

course, but menined to be unwieldy and slow and awk ward in the handling.

"She did not enjoy the unlimited confidence as the did not enjoy and long." We were afraid she mighal to have a mine the mighal to the analysis of the mighal to the same and the crow of the Cumberland, which we sunk the the day before, and which went down with her the day before, and which went down with her the day before, and which went down with her the day before, and which went down with her the day before, and which went down with her the day before and the crow of the Cumberland, which we sunk the the day before and the crow of the cumberland of the control of the day of

and dismounted our guns, killed our men and wrecked our machinery. But none of these things were to be.

"This was one of the world's great naval battles in which both sides wore the same uniform. The men on the Merrimac were largely from the United States Navy, and still wore the blue. Another reason for retaining this color was the fact that it alone seemed to stand the action of sait water; at least no satisfactory substitute had been found for it.

"The similarity of uniforms complicated our plans in the event of our boarding the Monitor and taking her by hand-to-hand fight, as we expected to do. In such a mix-up there would be little chance to distinguish friend from foe. We little chance to distinguish friend from foe. We might have boarded the Monitor. It was when we made a feeble effort to ram her and failed, our commander fearing the effect of a hard shock on the Merrimac's frame and stopping against the Monitor with a gentle bump that hurt no one. We sild apart, firing a shot or two, but there was no ramming and no boarding." During the progress of the fight we learned

nurt no one. We slid apart, firing a shot or two, but there was no ramming and no boarding.

"During the progress of the fight we learned to get our bodies out of the way of the Monitor's fire. We soon grow expert at judging her intentions, and could tell when a shot was coming and about where it was likely to hit us. We cleared our ports whenever she was about to pay us one of those compliments. Our poor old smokestack, however, couldn't dodge, and it was riddled with shot, large and small—in addition to the perforations perpetrated by the fleet the day before—till it was mostly holes. This interfered with our furnace draught considerably, but did no vital damage.

"I was out on deek but once. Our pilothouse, well forward on our low freeboard, had been taken away as a needless and cumbrous affair, and the commander occupied a hatchway where it had stood, thrusting his head above the deck now and then to keep a survey of the scene. I crept out of a port and carried word of some kind to him. A Yankee gunner on one of the ships came near saving me the trouble of a return to my station, missing me not over four feet with a small piece at good long range. I had been feeling very brave, but I lost no time getting under cover.

"It is another erroneous impression that the

had been feeling very brave, but I 1088 to had been feeling very brave, but I 1088 to getting under cover.

"It is another erroneous impression that the Monitor was all that saved Washington and New York and the other Federal seaports from the Merrimac. The Merrimac could never have reached any of them. She dared not try the short ocean voyage, and she drew too much water; ocean voyage, and she drew too much water; ocean voyage, and she drew too much water; ocean toyage and she would have got cumbed to the pounding she would have got from the Federal fleet. She could never have from the Federal fleet. She could never have cumbed to the pounding she would have got from the Federal fleet. She could never have lived through the punishment of the guns of Fortress Monroe if she had tried to go to Washington, and the shallow Potomac would never have let her get there. She would have failed in the same manner to reach New York.

"She could not even have defended the Confederate capital against the Monitor if the Monitor had chosen to go there. The Monitor's light draught would have permitted her to proceed up the James River and to shell Richmond into ruins. For some reason she did not embrace this chance, and in the meantime the Confederates blocked the river with obstructions and torpedoes, and that movement thereafter became impossible. The Merrimac was a terror to wooden ships, but she was not a ship herself, in the full sense of the term—nothing more than a floating battery.

Major Long was in the blockade running service of the Confederacy and did duty in its navy in other capacity—part of the time in engineering work—till he was captured, near the close of the war. Soon after his release at the close of hostilities he got a place in the engineer corps of the United States and he is there still. Ho is now assistant engineer in charge of the castern section of the Hennepin Canal.

From the Galveston Daily News. The richly bespangled saddle of the Mexican The richly bespangled saddle of the Mexican ranchero has finally been eclipsed, and by an American. The remarkable saddle which has won this distinction for the United States is owned by D. W. Thompson of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is worth \$4.000. The silver and gold used in its decoration are alone worth \$250. While Mr. Thompson's home is in Santa Barbara, he has an extensive ranch in Ventura county, Cal., and it is here that he makes use of his notable property. The saddle is of typical Mexican pattern, with a high pommel, well hollowed seat, and the most elaborate of trappings.

hollowed seat, and the most chapter of trappings.

The work was done in Santa Barbara under Mr. Thompson's own supervision, and is such as only the Spanish could produce. The saddle is of fine embossed leather, set thick with silver buttons and rosettes; the pommel is incased with silver, the corners of the arron are tipped with it, and the stirrups are faced and edged with silver half an irch thick, chaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is hung with silver rings to answer the vaquero's requirements.

with silver rings to answer the vaquero's requirements.

The girth which secures the saddle in place is woven from horses' manes by native artisans, and is fully eight inches broad. The relns, martingale, and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver, with large silver rosettes at the side and an elaborate nose piece with a silver chain under the iaw. The bridle, reins, and accessories weigh about twelve pounds.

Every year Mr. Thompson adds something to the exquisite beauty and value of the saddle, although it has already cost a sum which represents a very comfortable yearly income.

Teans Community Rate Concentrated Lye.

From the New Orleans Times Democrat.

"Strange, pliant subject is this human frame; adapts itself to 'most anything! Feed it on alcohol a while and it craves more; give it arsenic, strychnine, or any old polson and a craving its at once set up." So began a popular railroad "talking man," as he drew back from his typewriter and wiped his glasses. "On my recent trip to west Texas I came upon a case in point. Out beyond Fort Davis there is a section of country which for unadulterated sikalinity beats anything on earth. What water there is tastes somewhere between castor oil and vichy and soda, while every bit of plant and animal life has become so impregnated with caustic Dotash that leaves and skins, barks and furs glisten like the costume of a ballet dancer in a 'féerle,' and sikali has become as necessary to them as drink to a dipsomaniac.

"I saw one family who had imbibed and eaten such quantities of aikaline matter that the neutralizing effect of the slightest acid was torture to them, what they craved being more and more of the burning salts. In their composite kitchen and dining room I noticed a row of bright new tin caus upon a shelf. I first took them to be condensed milk, but picture my horror when the mistress of the house took down one of the cans, which I then saw was concentrated lye, onened it, and gave a heaping spoonful to each of the children all around. They licked it down with evident delight and went back to their games."

him, He is not fair to look upon; many lands and looms have contributed to the dirty raiment that he wears, and his straight, black hair testsfles to a lifelong immunity from the comba Ragged, ignorant, and unclean, he is a hideous parody on his ancestors; a pitiful example of the degeneracy wrought by civilization; an incarnate admission of racial incapacity. If the town be one of the very few in Mississipat where whiskey can be obtained by any primitive artifice, he is more than likely to be under its

CHOCTAW BALL PLAYING

ALMOST AS LIVELY A GAME AS THE

Playing for Valuable Stakes-Ricking An-

Brenits,- Legislation Brought to Bear,

From the Memphis Commercial Argent.

JACKSON, Miss., Feb. 24.—Occasionally in cer-

tain towns of the State one happens upon an Indian stolidly lingering around the door of a

supply store or sitting idly in the sunshine with his unsold stock of baskets disposed around

FOOTBALL OF THESE DAYS

watere whisely can be obtained by any primitive artifice, he is more than likely to be under its influence. If it were not for such casual reminders, the average citizen would forget that any remnant of the unfortunate and decadent race still existed in Mississippi. Yet in certain counties of the State they exist in considerable numbers. Sometimes, however, it chances that people are reminded of this contingent by michels ods more startling and unique, as, for instance, when a "ball play" is pulled off between opposing settlements. A very recent case little trates how hilsrious and sensational these little diversions sometimes become. At a "ball play held near Carthage a few weeks ago several braves were killed and others wounded as a consequence of the game.

The Indian population of the State is confined to a few counties, chiefly Newton, Leake, Japper, Scott and Neshoba. Of course, in all parts of the State isolated instances occur where a few Indians or hair-breed descendants remain, but the counties mentioned are the only once which have anything like an appreciable Indian population. The last census gives the State 2,036 of them, of whom fully nine-tenths are Choctaws. In fact, of all the tribes that once lived in Mississippi, the Yazoo, Biloxi, Pascagouls, Chickasaw and others, only the Choctaw remains.

Civilization has done as little for the Missis-

population. The last census gives the State 2,038 of them, of whom fully nine-ientheare Choctawa. In fact, of all the tribes that once lived in Mississippi, the Yazoo, Biloxi, Pascagouls, Chickasaw and others, only the Choctaw remains.

Civilization has done as little for the Mississippi Indian as for his brother in the Territory. In spite of efforts to civilize and Christianiza, he has the same exhaustive and absorbing thirst that renders the Indian question such a problem to the Department of the Interior, Abandoning his wigawan for an uninhabitable his problem to the State of the Chock of the William of the William which he lives, as a usual thing, is poulled for dirt, squalor, and the general absence of furniture. There is one thing he never lacks, however, and that is a full and varied assortment of curs and hounds of high and low degree. The majority of Indians do not own land, but are mere tenants upon, what is known as the "share system," whereby one gives half of what he makes during the year for the rent of the land and utensils furnished. This is the general rule, although there are several exceptional cases where Indians own their own homesteads. During the spring and early summer he hedges and ditches about in the ordinary fashion with his patches of cotton, corn. and tobaco. Hus when these labors actually necessary to his existence are completed, he feels the impulse of his savage ancestors stir within his sluggish blood. Then all attempts to confine the trule of the chase remains after the common pot has been provided for is sold in the nearest town. One Indian is delegated to do this, so that the others may continue the sport without intermission. If while heavy established their camp in his savage country. What part of the proceeds of the chase remains after the common pot has been provided for is sold in the nearest town. One Indian is delegated to do this, so that the others may continue the sport without intermission. If while heavy the sport of the proceeds of the chase remains after the co

clothes. No instinct is so strongly developed among them as that of gambling. The loss of a "ball play" frequently means months of domestic inconvenience until the pots and utensils staked upon the last game can be replaced. Indeed, it has frequently been said that the Indeed, it has frequently been said that the Indeed, it has frequently been said that the Indean is fond of a ball game not so much for the sport there is in it as for the opportunity for gambling which it affords.

While the squaws watch the proceedings and it is the said of the field, the arrangements for the play are going forward. The men are discosed about the field in the best positions suited to them. The swiftest runners are placed in the field, while the ablest and strongest players are placed at the poles of their opponents. At a given signal the game begins. The ball is thrown up and there is an immediate rush for it. Hands are not allowed to be used, but the deverity they attain in the use of the sticks is remarkable. They pick it up from the xround on the run with them, and throw it with incredible force and accuracy at their poles. The object of the game is to strike the pole with the ball. As soon as the ball strikes the ground they are after it again. It is no childs play either, for all of the players are men, many of them almost middle aged, and blood and bruises are frequent. When the sticks strike a player, by accident or design, they seldom fail to leave a red streak or gash as a memento.

The endurance displayed is incredible. Under a hot sun, for they seem partial to that sort of temperature when playing the game, with very few clothes, without any sort of intermission to speak of, they tug and strain and wrestle, throw and catch for hours at a time. Two forty-minute halves are considered a pretty lengthy football game, and then an intermission of twenty minutes is usually had between. The length of this game is regulated by the score, twelve constituting the game.

All the time of the play the squaws are going around with

minutes is usually had between. The length of this game is regulated by the score, twolve constituting the game.

All the time of the play the squaws are going around with water, cheering their particular braves on to victory. The mangy dogs on the outskirts catch the prevailing excitement and forget their fleas in watchful interest.

When the last ball is thrown up then comes the tug of war. One side already has eleven, and the next will decide the question in their favor. Then is the time for their opponents to put forth the most Herculean efforts to prevent their rivals from scoring and also to raise their own fectord. Suddenly a player on the prevailing side catches the nimble sphere between his two sticks. There is a rush at him and in front of him to stop the ball in its flight. Whack! the extended sticks have been in vais, and another score is registered.

Then the victorious side rushes to the platform whereupon reposes the spolia onima. Each brave selects his winnings amid the accidanctions of his crowd and the dead stience of his opponents, who withdraw to a reasonable and dejected distance. The victorious side is deluged with compliments from admiring spectators and the reign of joy is at hand.

Now the amisble Caucasian gets in his work. Be it said to their credit, the Indians would probably disperse without more ill feeling than a defeat necessarily engenders after a terribe conteat were it not for a certain swashbacker element of the whites that is always present element of the whites that is always present element of the spines and to breed a general distinguish the accomplished to find an enough whiskey to make them exceedingly drunk, and then the reign of terror begins in dead carnest. At first the alternations is straint, things begin to grow considerably warmer, and, before any one knows, the whole crowd is in a indiscriminate light. These lights are frequently serious, and often result in death, of the gown is the safe, as a far as they can, but from the posular social status of tomales amon